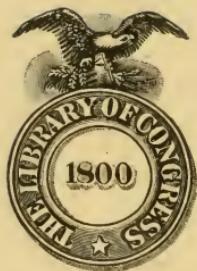


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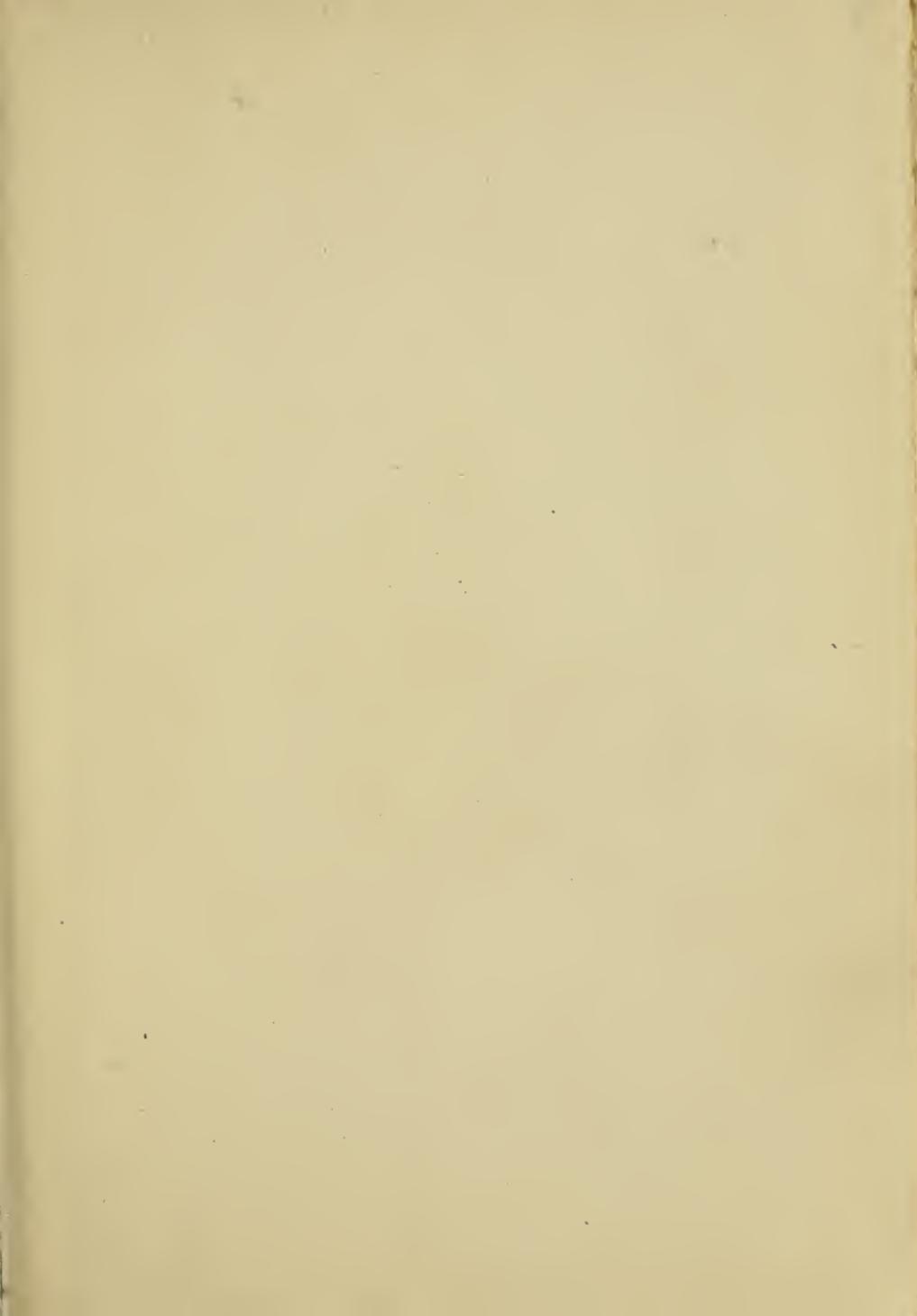


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# OUT OF THE SILENCE

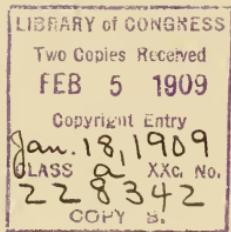
## A BOOK OF VERSE.

BY

J. SCHUYLER LONG

“Enamoured architect of airy ryhme  
Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says.  
\* \* \*  
\* \* let art be all in all,  
Build as thou wilt and as thy light is given:  
Then, if at last, thy airy structure fall—  
Dissolve and vanish—take thyself no shame;  
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.”

1909  
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA  
BY THE AUTHOR.



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By

J. SCHUYLER LONG.

## The Verse in This Book

	Page
I Wish That I Could Tell . . . . .	11
The Poetry of Motion . . . . .	13
The Family Man as a Poet . . . . .	15
Work . . . . .	17
Where the Waters Run . . . . .	18
Do You Mind? . . . . .	20
A Wish . . . . .	22
A Song of Thanksgiving . . . . .	23
In Autumn . . . . .	24
The Valley Despair . . . . .	25
The Morgue . . . . .	26
The Windmill . . . . .	29
At Cupid's Altar . . . . .	31
Flora . . . . .	33
Freedom and Slavery . . . . .	34
Say It . . . . .	35
A Thanksgiving Song . . . . .	36
Compensation . . . . .	38
Down the Old Potomac Shores . . . . .	40
Then I'll Be Content . . . . .	42
In May . . . . .	43
A Song of Gratitude . . . . .	45
To a Robin . . . . .	47
Heart Language . . . . .	48
What's the Good? . . . . .	49
The Modern Peacemaker . . . . .	50

	Page
The Silver Lining . . . . .	51
Fickle Fortune . . . . .	52
The Meteor . . . . .	53
On Gallaudet's Birthday . . . . .	54
A Comparison . . . . .	57
A Coasting Song . . . . .	59
The Spirit of the Wild . . . . .	61
To Dorothy . . . . .	63
Camping Out . . . . .	64
William J. B. . . . .	67
What Shall the Harvest Be? . . . . .	69
Lines Accompanying a Picture . . . . .	71
My Kingdom . . . . .	72
At Dear Old Gallaudet . . . . .	74
Demodocus . . . . .	77
When the Train Goes By . . . . .	79
Mother's Cooking . . . . .	80
Be Sunny . . . . .	82
My Point of View . . . . .	84
Vacation Time Dreams . . . . .	85
A Thanksgiving Hymn . . . . .	87
Before Thanksgiving . . . . .	89
Love's Crown . . . . .	90
As You Make It . . . . .	92
Then and Now . . . . .	94
For Eternity's Sleep . . . . .	96
The Human Hand . . . . .	97
Contraries . . . . .	98
The Master Poet . . . . .	100
Why Repine? . . . . .	101
The Modern Standard . . . . .	102
Up and Down the Streets . . . . .	103
A Toast . . . . .	105

*THE VERSE IN THIS BOOK*

*ix*

	Page
The Buff and the Blue . . . . .	107
The Worker's Recompense . . . . .	108
My Recompense . . . . .	110
The Gift That Is Ours . . . . .	112
To the Pas-a-Pas Club . . . . .	113

RHYMES FROM THE SCHOOL ROOM.

School Time . . . . .	117
Still More Beyond . . . . .	119
Does It Pay? . . . . .	121
Dedication Ode . . . . .	123
Which Valentine? . . . . .	125
Not For Self But Others . . . . .	127
The School Girl's Complaint . . . . .	129
The Path of Duty . . . . .	131
School Room Problems . . . . .	132
Aim High . . . . .	134
Anaxagoras . . . . .	136



## To My Wife

*When first I met with you, Love,  
Changed were then the skies;  
A brighter hue because of you  
About them seemed to rise;  
And all the light that made them bright  
Came from your love-lit eyes.*

*And since I've wed with you, Love,  
Changed is everything;  
The world is new because of you,  
And all the year is spring.  
Your love has brought the changes wrought  
And made my heart to sing.*

*J. S. L.*



## Out of the Silence

*Out of the silence they come to me,—*

*The songs that I sometimes sing.*

*And to my spirit shut out from all sound*

*The solace of music they bring.*

*Out of the silence in echoes they come*

*Like sounds in a faraway dream,*

*Bearing my thoughts as it were on the tide*

*Like roses are borne on the stream;*

*Bearing them far in melodious strains*

*To the land of the lotus and rose,*

*So that my spirit on aerial wings*

*Forgets all the sadness it knows.*

*There all alone in that dreamland of song*

*The music of Nature I hear,*

*For, if the heart is with Nature attuned,*

*The words of her message are clear.*

*Visions of beauty transformed into song,*

*The music of motion and light,*

*Make of this dreamland with echoes of sound*

*Forever a land of delight.*

*So I'm content, tho in silence I'm bound—*

*And hear not the music of strings:*

*Ever a voice in that silence I hear*

*And write down the song that it sings*



I WISH THAT I COULD TELL.

In the sound of song and music  
There's a charm for those who hear,  
And they look upon me sadly  
When they see me standing near.  
And they think that I am lonely  
As they reckon what I miss,  
And they seem to be so sorry  
That I lose this cherished bliss.

But I wish that I could tell them,  
As I smile and turn away,  
Of the voices ever singing  
Through the night and through the day,—  
Voices full of sweet reminders  
Of the days of long ago,  
And I hear again the echo  
Of those songs I used to know.

And I wish that I could tell them  
    Of the music that I hear  
With its vibrant tone resounding  
    On my inner conscious ear,—  
How it thrills and, creeping o'er me,  
    Steals away the bitter sense  
Of the wrong that Nature did me—  
    This her gift in recompense.

And I wish that I could tell them  
    Of the music that I see  
In the buds of spring unfolding,  
    And the moving melody  
In the motion all about us,  
    In the birds and in the flowers,  
In the happy eyes of children  
    As they look their love in ours.

And I wish that I could tell them  
    Of the most delightful things  
That I hear and see in silence  
    When my inner fancy sings.  
And I wish that I could tell them  
    Of the music in the hand  
When in song it moves in rhythm,—  
    But they would not understand.

THE POETRY OF MOTION.

In the poetry of motion there is music if one sees,  
In the soaring birds above us there are moving  
symphonies.

There is music in the movement of a ship upon  
the wave

And the sunbeams dancing o'er it, that the min-  
strels never gave.

There is music in the rhythm of the waving field  
of wheat

In the swaying leaves on tree-tops, and the skip  
of dancing feet.

There are songs of gladness for us in the opening  
buds of spring,

And we understand the message that their fuller  
blossoms bring.

There is music in the motion of the yearly changing scene

As the seasons move before us, changing brown and white to green.

There are songs of rapture for us in the colors of the sky,

In the rainbow and the sunset and in cloud-ships floating by.

There is music in the mountains—in their grandeur as they rise

With their snow-capped summits keeping vigil in the hidden skies.

There is music in the rainfall, and the snow-flakes coming down

Giving earth a white-robed mantle and the trees a silver crown.

Tho' we deaf can hear no music in the touch of vibrant strings,

In the harmony of motion there are songs that Nature sings.

And there's music all around us if we have the eyes to see,

And although we can not hear it we can feel its melody.

## THE FAMILY MAN AS A POET.

My poetic fancy wanders into thoughts of measured rhyme

And I see my songs go marching downward thru the halls of time.

In an ecstasy of vision I sit down and try to write,

While my thoughts go soaring upward in a frenzy of delight,

But before I get them marshaled comes a baby's pleading cry,

"Papa, take me; I'm so sleepy." And I take her with a sigh.

Presently she's soundly sleeping and I lay her gently down;

Then I turn to my forsaken paper, forcing back a frown,

While I thrust my nervous fingers into my disheveled hair,

Vainly hoping that I'll find my scattered thoughts regathered there.

When I quiet down to thinking and I turn again to  
write,  
Comes a childish voice and whispers, "Papa kiss  
me now good night."

All are sleeping now. The room's deserted and I  
fondly count  
That I'm now at peace; so truant Pegasus again  
I mount,  
Now my fancy lingers, coming slowly, then re-  
turns again,  
And the words begin to muster at the bidding of  
my pen.  
But before a line is written comes another ner-  
vous shock,  
And a voice calls sweetly downward, "Don't for-  
get to wind the clock."

## WORK.

Work for the joy of working,  
And work for the health it brings;  
Rich the returns of labor  
When heart of the worker sings.

Work: in the deed you're doing  
The test of your empire lies;  
Work with the best that's in you  
And build to the towering skies.

Work, and the sting of sorrow,  
The shadow of blighting grief,  
Pain, and the ills of nature  
Are lost in the soul's relief.

Work for the joy of working,  
And work with a zeal intense;  
Gold's not the measure of payment;  
But peace is its recompense.

## WHERE THE WATERS RUN.

Shallow bed of rocks and pebbles,  
Winding down among the hills;  
Waters singing second trebles,  
Joining voices of the rills;  
There, in every kind of weather,  
Under cloud or in the sun,  
Trout and minnows play together—  
Where the rising waters run.

Flowers and fern in rich profusion  
Mantle banks of mossy green;  
Light and shadow in confusion  
Dance upon the satin sheen;  
Giant trees with limbs o'erhanging,  
Meeting, intercept the sun;  
Cool retreat for summer angling—  
Where the wid'ning waters run.

Herds of sheep and cattle grazing  
Here and there about the plain;  
Wood and meadow interlacing  
With the fields of growing grain;  
Quail and partridge there in hiding,  
Future victims of the gun,  
For the hunter there is biding—  
Where the quiet waters run.

Wide and deep the river's growing,  
Ships at wharves in serried ranks;  
Spires above the trees are showing—  
Cities, there, along its banks;  
Nature's beauties all have vanished,  
(Desecrating greed has won),  
Forest creatures have been banished—  
And to sea the waters run.

## DO YOU MIND?

Though the winter winds are blowing  
And the cold is in the skies,  
While at night the stars are glowing  
Where the landscape barren lies,  
Do you mind so much that summer  
With its fruits and flowers is fled  
When you're in the "cozy corner"  
And the fire burns bright and red?

Though the winter hills are whitened  
By the soft and silent snow,  
And the sombre view unbrightened  
Save when lambent sunsets glow;  
Do you mind so much that summer  
With its green is far away  
When, the Dearest One beside you,  
You are gliding in a sleigh?

Though the winter's cold has banished  
All the merry picnic days,  
And the summer girl has vanished  
With her captivating ways,  
Do you mind so much that summer  
With its outing days is past  
When the mistletoe and holly  
O'er the days their brightness cast?

## A WISH.

*To Edith when she was a child.*

While I am not inclined to grieve  
That nature was unkind to me,  
I sometimes long with all my heart  
To hear the prattler at my knee.

Her love-lit eyes are raised to mine  
And I can read the language there;  
But oh that I could only hear  
The words she breathes upon the air!

She climbs upon my lap, and then,  
Her arms about my neck entwine,  
And by the kiss she gives to me  
I know her heart is wholly mine.

But I would give a world to hear  
Her baby voice and have her say  
“I love you papa, oh, so much.”—  
Then smiling kiss my cares away.

**A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.**

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou didst send  
The men inspired to guide  
Our darkened minds unto the light  
That Nature's wrong denied.

No joy or happiness we knew  
Till Thou in mercy sent  
These messengers of light to us  
And now we are content.

We thank Thee still for all the joys  
That from this light have come,  
And that we now have ways to sing  
Altho our lips are dumb.

And that, altho for us, 'tis true,  
There is no joy in sound,  
Our eyes may find the soul's delight  
In beauty all around.

## IN AUTUMN.

Now is the time to go roaming  
The woods and the bright tinted fields,  
Seeking for beauty and music  
That Nature so lavishly yields.

Now may the crown of her glory  
So full and so perfect be seen;  
Now does the sunlight envelope  
And brighten the whole of each scene.

'Tis from the sunlight the colors  
Have come to the leaves on the trees;  
Stolen from heaven the blue in  
The tints all about us one sees.

Music around us is surely  
The notes from the music on high  
Loaned to the singers that over  
Us hover and sing in the sky.

Why not come out and go roaming  
In fields and along the still brooks,  
Reading the pages of Nature  
Instead of those musty old books?

## THE VALLEY DESPAIR.

Deep in the valley Despair lie  
The hearts that are broken, unknown.  
Drowned in the noise of the traffic  
For gold, is the sound of their moan.

Little we know of the heartache,  
(And few are the ones that may care),  
That bars of a prison have hidden  
And hearts they have doomed to despair.

Under the heel of the law, to  
Be ground in the mill of the goals,  
What to the judge who presides and  
Condemns, is the tragedy of souls?

Over the hearts that are saddened  
By wrongs that some other has done.  
Lord, let Thy pity extend, for  
The world in its justice has none.

## THE MORGUE.

Enter softly; this the morgue;  
Tiptoe lightly, make no sound.  
Here the dead lie all about thee;  
Lift thine eyes and gaze around.  
See that youth a step beyond thee  
Who, so peacefully he lies,  
Seems to be but sleeping, yet the  
Hand of death has closed his eyes.

Found within the public park, a  
Shining weapon by his side;  
And one mute and empty chamber  
Told the tale of how he died.  
He was lured to seek his fortune  
Where the city's glowing lights  
Called to him and promised pleasure,  
Told of manifold delights.

But the current swept him downward;  
He grew weary with the strife,  
And to cover up his stealing  
He has blotted out his life.

Look and see the next beyond him  
Is a slender childish form;  
Picked up frozen from the door step  
Where he huddled to keep warm.

And the next one there; observe it;  
In that bleared and bloated face,  
And the form so bent and shrunken,  
There is scarcely any trace  
Of their former power and glory,  
Ere the mark of drink was there,  
And his soul had been o'er taken  
By the Demon of Despair.

Over there beside the window  
Shows a woman's whitened brow;  
Gone, her soul, to Him who gave it  
Where no scorn can reach her now.  
She was forced to sell her virtue  
For the price of bread to live  
For, among a Christian people  
None would pity or forgive.

Oh, the sorrow and the sadness  
That lie hidden, here revealed,  
And the secrets of the guilty  
That their death forever sealed.

Oh, that here within a country  
Where a Christian nation dwells  
There should be such things to record  
As the morgue thus mutely tells.

Oh, you thoughtless, pampered people,  
You who count your hours of ease,  
Do you yawn and turn the paper  
When you read such things as these?  
Did you do but half your duty,  
Take the time to go and see,  
Then relieve the poor and wretched,  
Things like these would never be.

## THE WINDMILL.

'Round and 'round the windmill goes,  
Veering this way, that,  
Like an aerostat,  
Showing us the wind—  
How it blows.

'Round and 'round the great wings turn  
High above the trees,  
Lightly in the breeze,  
Like a ship at sea,  
Sails astern.

'Round and 'round the sails rotate  
Turning wheels below  
Swiftly as they go;  
Power from winds above  
They create.

Turning ever. Cast your eyes  
Anywhere you will;  
Dotting vale and hill  
White-winged sceptres rise  
To the skies.

Picturesque and lone they stand,  
Rising high and bold  
Like the towers of old  
Watching on the Rhine  
For brigand.

But no threat'ning vigil now;  
Farmers' signal towers  
In this land of ours  
Mark the change of sword  
For the plow.

## AT CUPID'S ALTAR.

Of all the gods that ever had  
An altar or a shrine,  
None ever claimed the homage that  
Mankind doth give to thine.  
'Tis to thine altar there doth come  
A mingling, motley throng;  
The high and low, the rich and poor,  
The weakling and the strong.

And there to kneel in equal grace  
The prince and pauper come,  
The master and the slave forget  
The places they are from;  
And purple there with rags will touch  
As they together bide,  
And Homliness will bend the knee  
With Beauty by her side.

The young are there, in haste to be  
Their love-lit eyes aglow;  
The old come too,—their hearts beat fast  
E'en tho' their steps are slow.

For Cupid's shaft hits whom it will  
And none escape the dart,  
And worship of the little god  
Means sacrifice of heart.

And all who seek that altar rail  
Brings each his love tale there,  
And some are full of joy and hope  
And some have griefs to bear.  
For neither wealth nor age nor time  
Can alter love's behest  
So each must take the god's decree  
And follow with the rest.

## FLORA.

Oh, Flora's face is fair to see  
And Flora's eyes entrancing,  
And Flora, dainty, drawing nigh,  
Doth set my heart a-dancing.

But Flora's heart is cold as stone,  
And Flora's eyes unheeding;  
And Flora coldly passes by,  
Altho my heart is bleeding.

And Flora's form is petit, sweet;  
Her smile is wondrous winning,  
And for her favor I would fight,  
Or gladly go a-sinning.

But Flora's smile is not for me—  
Her favor she's denying,  
And Flora will not hear my plea  
But leaves me still a-sighing.

## FREEDOM AND SLAVERY.

To Live? To wage the battle of mankind;  
To toil and struggle for life's need, and be  
Content; no higher aim than this: To see  
The image of one's self and leave behind  
Naught else save earth to earth and kind to kind—  
A slave's existence; soul denied its free  
Development for lack of that which we  
Call education; thralldom that doth bind  
The soul to passion's sway. Is it the aim  
Of man, created image of his God?  
Arise! Thy life was meant for higher  
things.  
With Prometheus's spark our freedom  
came—  
The will that lifts the man above the clod;  
Emancipation from the earth, not kings.

## SAY IT.

If another's efforts please you say it;  
Silence does not make it understood.  
We can make another's work much lighter,  
We can make the day for others brighter,  
By our approbation, if we would.

Say it.

If, for favors, you are grateful, say it;  
Do not let the loving giver go,  
Thinking you have no consideration,  
Thinking that you lack appreciation  
For the gifts his love and thought bestow.

Say it.

If you have a friend, and love him, say it;  
Do not wait, and praise him when he's  
dead.  
Many a loyal heart is weary, waiting,  
Many a lonely heart is longing, aching,  
For the word of love we might have said.

Say it.

## A THANKSGIVING SONG.

We thank Thee, Lord, that all our days  
Our wants Thou hast supplied,  
And that through all our devious ways  
Thou ever wast our guide.

No prayer of theirs hath been in vain  
Who bent the suppliant knee,  
Nor cry for mercy to obtain  
Gone up unheard by Thee.

And prospered Thou the seed we sowed  
And sent the sun and rain  
Till now our bins are overflowed  
With heaps of golden grain.

Fulfilled is now the hope of spring,  
The promise of the bloom,  
With autumn's golden offering  
In Nature's altar-room.

From dreadful flood and awful fire  
And dread disaster's hand,  
Thou hast preserved our homes entire  
And saved our native land.

And so we come before Thy throne  
Today on bended knee,  
In thanks for all Thy mercies shown  
And what we owe to Thee.

And while our songs now fill the air  
On this Thanksgiving day,  
For future help and loving care,  
Oh, Lord, we also pray.

## COMPENSATION.—

For each and every loss we bear  
Some recompense we gain;  
And when we miss the goals we seek,  
Some other heights attain.

When Nature wills a cross to some  
In mercy then she sends  
Some compensating gift or strength  
As if to make amends.

The blind possess a keener ear,  
The deaf a clearer sight  
And what the one regains from sound,  
The other gets from light.

The fool in mental prison held  
That lives to eat and drink,  
Can never know the curse it is  
To live and not to think.

So Nature gives whene'er she takes  
And makes an even trade,  
And he who loses much, gains more,  
And so the bargain's made.

## DOWN THE OLD POTOMAC SHORES.

Far down the old Potomac shores,  
    Along the inland bays,  
We sail in modern boat and muse  
    Upon those early days,  
When midst the savage Indian haunts  
    Here dwelt the pioneers—  
The men inspired by heaven to guide  
    Our country's infant years.

Here lived the men who first conceived  
    The nation's grand design;  
Here fought and won the struggle that  
    Preserved that nation's line.  
Not e'en New England's sacred soil  
    Can be to us more dear—  
While freedom first was planted there  
    'Twas saved and fostered here.

Then whose the heart that does not feel  
    The thrill of rapture keen,  
As one by one before his sight  
    Appears each passing scene?  
For history adds a double charm  
    To beauty of the land  
Where shores of old Virginia  
    Face heights of Maryland.

## THEN I'LL BE CONTENT.

If a song of mine will gladden  
Some one's heart with sorrow filled,  
And dispel the thoughts that sadden,  
Or the care their joy has killed;  
Then I'll sing that song of gladness  
That will drive away some sadness  
And I'll be content.

If a word of mine will brighten  
One upon life's weary road  
If a deed of mine will lighten  
Some one other's heavy load,  
Then, I'll speak that word to brighten  
And I'll do that deed to lighten,  
And I'll be content.

## IN MAY.

Fields and trees begin to brighten  
In their shown summer dress,  
And the dandelions bloom  
In their golden loveliness;  
All the earth is clothed in verdure  
And the flowers begin to bloom,  
Casting off the sleep of winter  
With its dread of cold and gloom.

Everywhere the eyes are gladdened  
By the green and growing grass;  
Everywhere the birds are singing  
Songs of greeting when you pass;  
All the atmosphere's redolent  
Of the blooming orchard trees,  
And the droning of the beetle  
Joins the buzzing of the bees.

Then your soul is filled with music  
As of voices low and sweet,  
And you turn with inward longing  
Where the woods and meadows meet;  
And you thrill again with pleasure  
As you idly walk and dream,  
Gazing forward in your vision  
To delights of field and stream.

## A SONG OF GRATITUDE.

From the altar, hearth and woodland  
Where a grateful people throng,  
Upward from prospered country  
Goes a glad thanksgiving song;  
Upward to the Lord, the Giver,  
For the goodness he hath shown,  
For the marks of sovereign kindness  
And the mercy we have known.

For the fullness of the harvest  
That so lavishly has poured  
From the fields so full and freely  
With the gifts of Nature stored;  
For the many countless tokens  
Of the Heavenly Father's love,  
And the blessings that unnumbered  
Shower upon us from above.

For our homes among the blossoms  
Under His protecting care,  
For the cheer which they bring round us  
And the children gathered there;

For the friends we have to love us,  
And the chance to love them too;  
For the place our lives may brighten  
And the good that we can do.

For the ever-changing beauties  
That on earth around us lie;  
For the splendor of the sunset  
And the colors in the sky;  
For the thousand gifts from heaven  
That we all may happy be,—  
These, O, Lord in us awaken  
Songs of gratitude to Thee.

## TO A ROBIN.

Pretty little robin,  
Singing in the trees,  
Why are you so happy?  
Tell me, if you please.

Scarce has winter vanished  
When your breast of red  
Brings the tidings to us  
That the cold has fled.

And you come back to us  
Singing all day long,  
Bringing gladness with you  
In your merry song.

Tell me, why you never  
In the livelong day,  
Once are sad, or ever  
Cease your roundelay.

But the happy fellow,  
So intent is he  
In his merry-making,  
Will not answer me.

## HEART LANGUAGE.

With my heart o'erflowing with its  
Thoughts of love for thee,  
I sit down to write them, but the  
Pen trails uselessly.

For the words that come but echo,  
Faintly, from afar,  
Feelings far beyond them as the  
Sun outshines the star.

Depths the heart alone may fathom,  
Words can not express,  
And for feelings deep and tender,  
They are meaningless.

Yet, my dear, I'm sure thou knowest  
All my love for thee—  
Heart to heart can tell it while the  
Pen trails aimlessly.

**WHAT'S THE GOOD?**

What's the good of always whining  
When the weather goes all wrong?  
Soon you'll see the sun a-shining;  
Quit your grumbling sing a song.

What's the good of always pining  
When misfortune is your lot?  
Soon you'll see the silver lining;  
Make the best of what you've got.

What's the good of always sighing  
When by chance your hopes are killed?  
Nothing ever comes of crying  
Over milk that has been spilled.

## THE MODERN PEACEMAKER.

In days of old as we are told,  
The goddess Peace was fair;  
Her dress of gauze was so because  
They worshiped beauty rare.

But nowadays we've changed our ways  
And turned the goddess down;  
Instead of her we now prefer  
A man in khaki brown.

From head to heel in arms of steel,  
For olive branch, a sword,  
On foreign soil where white men toil  
He awes a savage horde.

He sails the seas in pampered ease  
In ships of twelve-inch mail,  
With many guns of numbered tons,  
To make the nations quail.

To keep afar the dogs of war  
Come plunk your taxes down;  
We have to feed 'gainst day of need  
The man in khaki brown.

## THE SILVER LINING.

Few the buds that bloom in splendor,  
Full fruition may attain;  
Yet the world has had their fragrance  
And they blossomed not in vain.

Few the hopes we fondly cherish  
Their fulfilment ever reach,  
Yet the heart hath grown the stronger  
With the lesson that they teach.

Few the ones our love hath singled  
Live to greet us at the end,  
Yet our lives have known the sweetness  
That it means to have a friend.

Never all the year is summer,  
Never all the days are fair;  
Never life without a shadow,  
Never heart without a care.

Yet as in the depths of midnight  
Gleams a star of silver light,  
Thru the darkest disappointment  
Hope is shining clear and bright.

**FICKLE FORTUNE.**

We shuffle the cards and deal them out  
And chance their fate controls;  
And some get the trumps and win the  
game  
Then smile at the luckless souls.

And often I think in the game of life,  
Allotted our gifts like these;  
And some drink wine from golden cups  
And some get only the lees.

For Fortune will smile as Caprice com-  
mands,  
And justice is blind you know;  
And come good or ill to the sons of  
men  
As shows on the dice we throw.

THE METEOR.

A-sudden comes a flash of light,  
A meteor through the sky—  
A spark from out the inky night  
That none knows whence or why.

Is it a spark from Vulcan's forge  
From off his anvil thrown?  
Or from some far off starry gorge  
That belches molten stone?

Whate'er it is we may not know,  
But this the tale it tells:  
Far in the depths where starlights glow  
A power above us dwells.

## ON GALLAUDET'S BIRTHDAY.

Each country has its cherished name  
Of patriot or sage;  
Each war of freedom gives to fame  
A name for heritage.

But victories of peace exceed  
The victories of war;  
And greater than the man or deed;  
The cause he battled for.

And he who wears his life away  
In some great cause of right,  
Deserves the wreath as much as they  
Who perish in the fight.

While stone may mark a soldier's mound,—  
Perpetuate a name—  
'Tis in the hearts of men is found  
The truest test of fame.

Now, while we meet in honor of  
Our benefactor's birth,  
We'll join our word's of praise and love  
With feasting, song and mirth.

Emancipator of the mind  
By deafness held in thrall;  
Of lives, by nature, doomed to find  
The bitterness and gall.

He helped us apprehend the stars;  
He showed us to the light;  
He broke for us the prison bars  
That held us in the night.

Forsaken of the church and law,  
He spoke and bade us rise;  
The beauty of the earth we saw  
And hope beyond the skies.

He spent his life in work and thought  
To better human kind;  
The battles of the weak he fought  
In knighthood of the mind.

We'll ne'er forget our debt to thee,  
Nor let thy fame decline;  
Our patron saint thou'l't ever be,  
As Hartford is our shrine.

And by our words and deeds we'll prove  
Some hearts are loyal yet,  
And beat with gratitude and love  
For you, dear Gallaudet.

*A COMPARISON.*

The miner delves beneath the rocks  
For hidden grains of gold,  
And scant his store of counted wealth  
With all his labors told.

The farmer delves in surface soil  
And plants his grains of gold,  
Then waits till Nature gives them back  
Increased a thousand fold.

The miner delves in caverns deep  
Beyond the reach of sun,  
The joy of day denied to him  
And soon his race is run.

The farmer delves in open air  
Among the fragrant fields,  
And Nature all her lavish store  
Of song and blossom yields.

The miner delves in peril of  
His life on every hand  
And all he gets in recompense  
Are grains of golden sand.

The farmer delves among delights  
In comfort and in ease,  
And his rewards: the joy of health  
And all the earth's increase.

Now who would delve beneath the rocks  
For grains of golden sand  
When Nature gives in golden ears  
Her wealth upon the land?

*A COASTING SONG*

Merry lads and lassies gather  
On the winter-whitened hills,  
Bringing with them love and laughter  
And the merriment that fills  
All the air with joyous singing  
As on sleds they speed along,  
With their youthful voices ringing  
With this merry coasting song:

The stars are bright,  
Our hearts are light  
And merrily we sing,  
And speed we by  
As thru the sky  
A bird upon the wing.

Away with care  
Let no one dare  
To think of her tonight;  
With mirth and song  
We'll speed along  
Beneath the moon so bright.

Oh what care we  
How cold it be  
With youth and love together?  
We'll sport the while  
And time beguile  
And laugh at wind and weather.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WILD.

Here a virgin kingdom lies  
Fresh from the Creator's hands  
Where the giant white pines rise  
Far into the northern skies,  
From the damp and sunless sands.

And beneath the arch o'erhead  
Never reaches sunlight there;  
Gloom and silence of the dead,  
Where the offspring wild are bred,  
In the nest or in the lair.

O'er this kingdom, undefiled  
By the touch of human hand,  
Rules the Spirit of the Wild—  
Spirit that time once beguiled  
From the far-off desert land.

There enthroned among the trees;  
Tangled vines and thorny bow'ers  
Making Nature's canopies,  
Clinging moss her tapestries;  
Courtiers are the ferns and flow'rs.

Dressed in gauze the spider weaves—  
Gorgeous trains of rainbow hues;  
Hair the sunlight bound in sheaves,  
Glist'ning there among the leaves,  
Diamond crowned with crystal dews.

Pan for her his reed pipe plays,  
Nymphs and dryads come at call,  
Song birds sing their roundelay,  
And the scepter that she sways  
Holds the wood sprites there in thrall.

Wrapt in gloomy solitude,  
There she sits in courts of green;  
Bird and beast and reptile brood  
Wait upon her changing mood,  
Servile to their haughty queen.

## TO DOROTHY.

*On Her Fifth Birthday, March 23, 1905.*

Dear little eyes, that lift to mine,  
With light of love o'erflowing,  
And mirrored in whose depths I see  
Unclouded trust there showing:  
May they be quick to see the good,  
The beautiful in knowing.

Dear little heart that beats so warm,  
So little known to sadness,  
That knows naught yet of griefs to come  
Nor what there is of badness:  
That I could keep thee free from sin  
And will thee only gladness.

Dear little arms that softly twine  
Around my neck caressing,  
Dear rosebud lips, so lovingly  
Against my own now pressing;  
How rich in happiness am I,  
The right to you possessing.

## CAMPING OUT.

The happiest of summers  
Is by the water-side  
Or camping in the mountains  
With living simplified;

A-tramping through the meadows  
Or wading in the brooks,  
Zigzagging through the forest  
In quest of shady nooks.

A fragrant bed of cedar,  
A canopy of white,  
Are better than all tonic  
To set a man aright.

The costliest of dinners  
Is not to be compared  
To speckled trout and bacon,  
When 'round a camp-fire shared.

The pebbly brook goes rippling,  
    The trout a moment shine,  
Enticing me to follow  
    With creel and rod and line.

•

The trees are full of incense,  
    The winds are full of song,  
And Nature's voices everywhere  
    Are calling me along

To join the merry campers,  
    Beside the lakes and brooks;  
To leave my weary labors  
    And cast aside my books;

To share again the pleasures  
    Of Nature's open hand;  
To lie among the flowers,  
    Or sunning in the sand—

The world outside forgotten,  
    My mind and soul at ease,  
And Nature's music makers  
    Above me in the trees.

The woods are summer playgrounds  
For Nature's worshippers,  
And all her secrets open  
To her interpreters.

The freedom of the forest  
Brings freedom of the mind,  
The vanity of fashion  
And pride, are left behind.

The beauty all around me  
Brings thoughts of higher things,  
And, to my ear attuned,  
The soul of Nature sings.

## WILLIAM J. B.

He stood on the platform, did William  
J. B.,  
Arrayed in a ten dollar suit;  
'Twas crimped in the back and 'twas  
bagged at the knee,  
And minus three buttons to boot.

But six penny nails held his trousers in  
place  
And gave him a granger-like air;  
A red dyed bandanna mopped sweat from  
his face  
And head where 'twas minus the hair.

And William he talked and he talked and  
he talked  
And pounded the table and swore  
The poor man was being continually  
balked  
In his efforts to add to his store

By plutocrats' lust and monopoly's greed  
The government allowed to exist;  
He numbered their wrongs and he told  
of their need  
And made out a two column list.

He talked of the tariff, insurance, re-  
bates;  
Of bribery, railroads and graft,  
And when he got through with the ship  
of our states  
You'd think it a derelict raft.

He talked of corruption beyond our be-  
lief,  
And everything under the sun,  
And everyone drew a deep sigh of relief  
When William was ended and done.

"WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"

*On July 4*

Hurry, mother, bring a bandage,  
And we'll tie up Willie's thumb;  
Held a cracker; it exploded;  
Now his hand is out of plumb.

Bring the cotton and some plaster,  
And we'll wrap up Tommy's eye;  
When the rocket wouldn't fizzle  
Tommy sought the reason why.

Sister, go and call the doctor;  
He'll graft skin on Freddie's face;  
Freddie lit a can of powder  
And it blew him into space.

Father, order up a coffin  
And we'll bury Sammy Stout;  
"Didn't know the gun was loaded,"  
When he went and brought it out.

Call the ambulance to gather  
Human fragments here and there,  
That are scattered o'er the pavement  
Or are falling from the air.

Thus we kill and maim with powder  
In this patriotic way  
While for nurses and for doctors  
'Tis a glorious harvest day.

## LINES ACCOMPANYING A PICTURE.

Pray, dear old Prex, accept this card,  
As though it were a valentine,  
That from the past this message brings  
With love to you from me and mine;

Though outward grace old time may change  
And turn the hair from gold to gray,  
It can not make old friends forget,  
Nor steal their love, once won, away.

## MY KINGDOM.

O, what care I for power or gold,  
When round about my knee,  
My children prattle o'er their toys  
Or turn their eyes to me.

The glow of health is in their cheeks  
While joy lights up the eye  
And never king surveys domain  
With prouder heart than I.

In sweet content and perfect bliss  
I sit my arm-chair throne,  
And gaze in rapture o'er the scene—  
A kingdom all my own.

And love rules o'er this court of mine  
That has but four plain walls,  
But I would not exchange it for  
The gilded palace halls.

And there I sit in thankfulness  
For my two little girls,  
My wealth and happiness bound up  
Within their tangled curls.

And we, the mother queen and I,  
Watch where our kingdom lies,  
Our sun and moon and stars and all  
Shine from their four blue eyes.

## AT DEAR OLD GALLAUDET.

Tho years have come and years have gone  
There's ever with us yet  
The memory of our college days  
At dear old Gallaudet.

'Tis sweet that now those days are past  
And college joys are o'er,  
To muse upon "the good old times"  
Of days that are no more.

The old familiar scenes I knew  
Come crowding to my brain  
As pleasures of those golden days  
I oft live o'er again.

The dear old walls, all ivyclad,  
The clock up in the tower—  
How many, many happy days  
Thy tongue hath struck the hour!

The "garlic grounds" beyond the hedge—  
What triumphs they recall!  
What victories the Buff and Blue  
There won with bat and ball!

The "gym," the pool, the tennis courts,  
The coasting on the hills—  
The mention of whose memories now  
My heart with longing fills.

The "reading room," the lyceum,  
The grim old chapel hall;  
The hid retreat, the "bums' resort,"  
(You see I know them all.)

The faculty that awed our youth,  
In stature smaller grown,  
But more and more in reverence held  
As we their service own.

And dear old "prex," how little then  
His love we really knew,  
Or how our careless thoughtless ways  
So often pierced him thru.

But now we see with clearer eyes  
And come our debt to pay,  
And at his feet in penitence  
A loving tribute lay.

Forgotten now the foes we fought,  
We see thru older eyes;  
The friends we loved—the true and tried  
We now more highly prize.

Tho years may come and years may go  
We never can forget  
The glories of those college days  
At dear old Gallaudet.

## DEMODOCUS.

The ancients were discerning men, and held  
this doctrine true,  
That when the gods would take away, they  
left some gift in lieu.  
And you may read the tale I tell, in books of  
ancient lore,  
To prove the law of recompense was known  
so long before.

The gods to blind Demodocus denied the joy  
of light,  
And so, in lieu thereof the muses gave him  
inward sight,  
And skill above all other men to play the  
harp and sing,  
The chosen bard was he of good Alcinous,  
the king.

And at his court the Greeks had made for  
him a silver chair,  
And when the king his feasting had, the bard  
was seated there.

And never yet had mortal heard, and never  
mortal since,  
Such music as this minstrel made, to whom  
the gods gave recompense.

So runs the tale, as Homer in his Iliad has  
told.

It was the Grecian bard himself, who wan-  
dered blind and old;  
And while he sings another's praise, he mod-  
estly reveals  
The gratitude he owes the gods and for their  
solace feels.

## WHEN THE TRAIN GOES BY.

I stop to watch the train go by  
With fascinated eyes,  
And turning ask myself wherein  
This fascination lies.

A common sight it is, and yet  
I gaze in awe to see  
This moving thing of iron and steel  
So wrapt in mystery.

It moves along the guiding rails  
With majesty and ease;  
And carries countless messages  
And human destinies.

But why should I, when loud and clear  
Its whistle cleaves the air,  
Drop ev'rything and idly stand  
And full of wonder stare?

In human awe for power, I think,  
The explanation lies,  
And I but homage pay to that  
Which it exemplifies.

## MOTHER'S COOKING.

How the pies that mother made  
Put all others in the shade !  
Apple, custard, pumpkin, too,—  
Her's the best I ever knew.

She knew how to cook all these  
With the other things that please.  
How my heart with longing turns  
Backward to those days and yearns  
Just to be a boy again  
So's to eat as I did then !

May be time has wrought a change  
Can't tell why, 'tis very strange—  
May be mother's getting old  
And of skill is losing hold—  
But, somehow, it seems to me  
Now, a man, I go to see  
Mother, and take dinner there  
That her cooking don't compare  
With the skill she used to show  
In my youth so long ago.

And I wonder sometimes, when  
All these boys of ours are men,  
Will they boast as we do now  
Of their mothers and tell how  
"Mother used to cook," and grieve  
Wives of theirs, and make believe  
Nothing in their later day  
Holds a candle to the way  
Things were done when they were boys  
And the earth was full of joys.

## BE SUNNY.

If we go about our business  
With a bright and smiling face  
We will find it mirrored 'round us  
    Filling every busy place.  
It will lighten all the labor  
    Of a dreary, rainy day,  
Not alone for us but others  
    And I tell you it will pay.

If we take our task and do it,  
Shirking nothing we should do,  
It will seem so much the lighter  
    When the weary work is thru.  
And we'll feel the better for it  
    When an inner voice can say:  
"Something else is now accomplished;  
    It has been a useful day."

If we love our work and do it  
With a quick and willing hand,  
We will reap a richer harvest  
And we'll better understand  
How to make our work a pleasure  
And to quickly do away  
With the drudgery of labor  
And I tell you it will pay.

## MY POINT OF VIEW.

I know my ears are closed to sound  
And lose the charm that music brings;  
I know that I can never hear  
The voice, (they say,) so sweetly sings;

The sound of song—it must be sweet;  
(My friends who hear have told me so;)  
But what is that to me since fate  
Decrees that I shall never know?

What knows the bird of buoyant air  
'Till it has spread its wings and flown?  
Then why should I be thought to miss  
The things I never yet have known?

For sound—the thing you tell me of—  
Is meaningless to me;  
And what to you comes thru the ears,  
In other forms I feel and see.

## VACATION TIME DREAMS.

Out of the streets and the alleys  
    Into the forests of pine,  
Over the hills and the valleys  
    Crossing the settlement line;  
Leaving the toil of the strivers,  
    Seeking the freedom of Pan,  
Far from the call of the drivers,  
    Where there is rest for a man.

Camping with Nature, the Giver,  
    Eating the "fat of the land,"  
Tramping the banks of the river,  
    Tackle and gun in your hand;  
Stalking the deer in the thicket,  
    List'ning to calls of the wild,  
Then for the paths to the wicket,  
    There where the trophies are piled.

Starting the partridge from cover,  
Whistling for sight of a quail,  
And where the frightened birds hover  
Trying for a shot at a rail;  
Watching the flight of the singers,  
Fishing for trout in the streams,  
Longing for chance at the wingers—  
These are vacation time dreams.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

The rays of the sun are now smiling  
On hills and the valleys fruit filled;  
The harvests are stored for the winter  
From fields that so lately were tilled;

And never before have they yielded  
Such fullness as comes from them now,  
And never before have thus prospered  
The footsteps that follow the plow.

—  
And far from the city is echoed  
The tale of prosperity there,  
And good that has come to the country  
The toilers in factories share.

And nothing of need is there lacking,  
And nothing of good is denied;  
The wants of the world in His goodness  
The hand of the Lord hath supplied.

So music is everywhere pealing  
In strains of a glorious hymn,  
And songs of the world now go upward  
In praise and thanksgiving to Him;

To Him who hath prospered the sowing;  
To Him who in infinit love  
Hath showered the world with the blessings  
That come from the kingdom above.

## BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

The turkey struts the barnyard now,  
    Unmindful of the time  
When he will grace the festive board  
    Of Uncle Ezra Kime.

He little knows that every eye  
    Is watching how he grows,  
And extra feed he gets just to  
    Increase his adipose.

And that within a few short weeks  
    He'll lie upon a plate  
All trussed and roasted nice and brown,  
    And garnished up in state,

When Uncle Ezra's city friends  
    In good old fashioned way,  
Come out to share his dinner there  
    On next Thanksgiving Day.

## LOVE'S CROWN.

*To Mr. and Mrs. H. W. R. on their 45th Wedding Anniversary.*

Another milestone in your lives  
Is counted with the last,  
Another added to the years  
Which you've together passed;  
With hearts attuned in one great thought  
That bound your souls as one,  
Love crowned your lives with happiness  
That few on earth have won.

And to those years so filled with gifts  
And blessings few may share,  
Look back and count the fruitful fields  
Your love hath planted there;  
The friends you made, the deeds your love  
Inspired your hearts to do;  
Now comes the harvest, and love bears  
The garnered sheaves to you.

And we, a few of those dear friends  
Would share your joy tonight,  
For we have known the love that made  
All round about you bright.  
And may the years now yet to come  
Still shower their blessings down,  
For heaven is ne'er more pleased than when  
Love wreathes a golden crown.

## AS YOU MAKE IT.

Many things you'll find to cheer you  
In this queer old world of ours;  
Never mind the thorns beneath them,  
Keep your eyes upon the flowers.

What if divers things do vex you?  
There's a cure for every ill;  
And it won't take long to find it  
If you've courage and the will.

Look around you at the blossoms,  
Kill the weeds or pass them by;  
All the world is clothed in beauty  
Save to those with jaundiced eye.

For your world is what you make it—  
Full of joy or full of woe;  
Carry smiles and sunshine with you  
And you'll find them where you go.

If you look for slight you'll find it;  
Look for wrong and wrong you'll find;  
Water always seeks its level,  
Like loves like and kind its kind.

And if what you seek's beyond you,  
Turn and take what's near at hand;  
And if there's no chair beside you,  
Thank the Lord you still can stand.

Oh, there's many things to cheer you  
In this queer old world of ours;  
And tho days are sometimes stormy,  
Comes the rainbow after showers.

## THEN AND NOW.

When the earth is wrapped in silence  
With the mantle of the night,  
And I seek the cozy corner  
Where the fire is burning bright.

And I gaze upon the shadows  
Where the fitful firelight gleams,  
Fancy takes me with her backward  
To my vanished boyhood dreams.

And again the airy castles  
That I built before me rise,  
And I smile at boyish visions  
As they pass before my eyes.

Once again I tramp the furrow  
With my hand upon the plow,  
And the fragrance of the meadows  
Brings a longing to me now.

There beyond the hills and pastures  
With its shining, golden spires,  
Full of wealth and dazzling promise  
Stood the City of Desires.

There the way to fame and fortune,  
Easy sailing of the seas;  
There the rounds of joy and pleasure  
Midst a life of pampered ease.

There no more the weary burdens  
That the farm forever brings;  
Only hours of glad employment  
That flew by on golden wings.

Ah, the dreams my youthful longing  
Built upon my discontent,  
With the rainbow hues around them,  
And enchantment distance lent.

Gone those dreams! How quickly vanished!  
Time and tide have changed since then,  
And I'm weary with the city,—  
Longing for the farm again.

## FOR ETERNITY'S SLEEP.

*On the death of a friend's father who loved God's out-of-doors*

Bury him not where the willows may weep  
Nor the wind thru their branches may sigh;  
Lay him to rest for eternity's sleep  
Where there's naught 'twixt the earth and the  
sky.

Bury him not where the saddening pines  
Cast their shadows and darken the light;  
Bury him there where the sun ever shines  
And the stars cast their glory by night.

There be his grave where no shadows may fall,  
But the light of the skies overhead;  
There where the grass and the flowers for a pall  
In their beauty may cover the dead.

Find him a place where in death he'll repose  
In the hills in the freedom of air,  
So that his ashes may rest at the close  
Where he loved; and then bury him there.

## THE HUMAN HAND.

Behold, a perfect work in Nature's plan  
In this, the human hand, so framed to be  
The servant of the will in harmony  
With all the needs of Nature's offspring, man  
Who sways the sceptre over Nature's clan;  
'Tis master of the power which man sets free  
Or binds at will, and by which he  
Is sovereign of all the forces that he can  
Discover; made to carry and to bring;  
What appetite may crave, the hand supplies;  
The artist's brush, the chisel and the pen,  
The workman's tool, the sceptre of the king  
Alike it wields; unto the sightless, eyes,  
The dumb, a tongue; the all in all of men.

## CONTRARIES.

I still have Adam's suit to wear  
When I take off my clothes;  
And then I lose myself in sleep  
To find surcease from woes.

You know we have to go in squares  
When we go 'round the town;  
And woman's prone to buying up  
The things that are marked down.

A clock must needs stay on the wall  
Yet on and on it goes;  
And I would fain remain in bed  
If I would seek repose.

The doctor says you're very low  
Whene'er your fever's high;  
Tho wet, champagne is best, they say  
When it is extra dry.

And when a country man is dull,  
A sharp he's sure to meet;  
And while you're standing on your rights,  
You may be off your feet.

So, frequently in words we find  
There's some queer paradox,  
Where some poor foreigner is wrecked  
On linguistic rocks.

## THE MASTER POET.

Verses? Yes, we all can write them  
But 'tis only now and then,  
That the master comes to thrill us  
With the magic of his pen.

He, the master poet, lifts us  
To the subtler realms of thought;  
What he sees in God-sent visions  
By his skill in words is wrought.

He, divinely chosen singer,  
Reads the message from above,  
Sweetly tunes his lyre to waken  
Human hearts to hope and love.

He, the gifted, reads the meaning  
Thru the mist of human tears,  
Tunes his lyre to songs of solace,  
For our longings, for our fears.

WHY REPINE?

Tho I missed the first spring blossom  
Why should I repine?  
Are there not a thousand others  
Just as fresh and fine?

Tho the fish I caught escaped me  
Why be overwrought,  
Are there not a thousand others  
Good as ever caught?

Tho the girl I loved has left me  
Why should I despair?  
Are there not a thousand others  
Just as young and fair?

## THE MODERN STANDARD.

New problems for the world to solve  
Each cycle, turning, brings;  
The constant change of years has wrought  
The need for different things.  
No longer now are we content  
With must of ancient lore;  
The standard set for modern lads  
Requires of them yet more.

The strenuous life that now we live  
Demands that hand and brain  
Together work in order to  
The highest art attain.  
The mind to plan, the hand to do  
And skill its work to guide,  
And then we have the boy or man  
For life's stern strife supplied.

## UP AND DOWN THE STREETS.

Up and down the city streets  
See the crowds that come and go;  
Some on business there intent,  
Some for only idle show,  
Coming here and going there  
Jostling crowds are everywhere.

Men and women, boys and girls,  
Big and little, great and small,  
Fat and lean and square and round;  
Some are short and some are tall;  
Some in rags and some in silk,  
Every kin and every ilk.

Some that carry loads of grief,  
Some that laugh and some that sigh;  
Some on secret sin are bent  
Watching chance with eagle eye;  
Erring woman, hardened man,  
Modest maid and preacher clan.

Colors sombre, colors gay,  
In kaleidoscopic change;  
Every fashion, every style  
From the old to new and strange;  
Farmer folk and city swells,  
Ugly men and lovely belles.

Envy, greed and lust for gain,  
Love and hope and tragedy,  
Disappointment, grief and pain,  
Joy and smiles and comedy, —  
Carried by the ones we meet  
Going up and down the street.

## A TOAST.

Come, my comrads, fill your glasses  
Come and drink a toast with me,  
And recall the glories of the  
Army of the Tennessee.

Side by side we stood in battle  
As we faced our country's foe;  
Side by side we shared the fortunes  
Of the war in weal or woe.

Side by side we charged at Shiloh  
Where ten thousand comrades fell  
Where we stood before the canon  
And beheld the jaws of hell.

Still together on to Vicksburg,  
Thence to eastern Tennessee;  
Southward next thru sunny Georgia  
And the march clear to the sea.

And after all the hardship  
Of those four long years of war  
We at last shared in the triumph  
Of the cause we battled for.

With no bitterness or malice  
But with "charity for all,"  
We have met here now together  
And the days of old recall.

With our difference forgotten  
In a new united land,  
Where one flag is floating o'er us  
We will clasp the southern hand.

And we'll pause to pay a tribute  
To the ones who, fallen, lie  
With a mound of green above them  
'Neath a friendly southern sky.

And tho age is creeping o'er us  
And our steps are growing slow,  
We'll respond with courage when the  
Great Commander bids us go.

So, my comrades, fill your glasses,  
Come and drink a toast with me  
To the undimmed glories of the  
Army of the Tennessee.

THE BUFF AND THE BLUE.

Come and we'll join in a song and a cheer,  
And pledge to our colors anew;  
Colors by romance and story made dear—  
All hail to the Buff and the Blue!

Colors of beauty and colors of might,  
How dear to the hearts of us all!  
Colors we hail with a thrill of delight,  
What glorious days they recall!

Waving triumphantly over the field  
Where valor and beauty are met,  
Telling of triumph o'er foes as they yield  
To prowess of old Gallaudet.

Wave them aloft and then cheer them above  
With hearts that are loyal and true,  
Colors that all of us reverence and love—  
Forever, the Buff and the Blue!

## THE WORKER'S RECOMPENSE.

In the thrill of his creation, not the gain,  
The sculptor's real incentive lies;  
And the artist finds his compensation in  
The perfect lines that meet his eyes.

In the pleasure of the winning, not the prize  
The runner gets the most delight;  
In the pride of doing something to excel  
The toiler's work grows light.

All, the artist, sculptor, and the artisan,  
Find joy in that which each loves best;  
The pride of work, the glory of o'ercoming,  
To art and labor give the zest.

Whether gain be great or small, 'tis one;  
There's joy which only workers know;  
In the shaping of a form at will, the while  
Beneath their eyes its beauties grow.

'Tis the glory in the triumph, leads them on  
And keeps the spirit strong and tense;  
Gives to him who toils, tho he may miss the goal  
His greatest, most prized recompense.

## MY RECOMPENSE.

The noisy band goes marching by  
But not a sound I hear,  
For Nature in a naughty mood  
Once closed my outer ear.

But tho I lose those martial strains  
Some recompense have I;  
The rhythm of their moving feet  
Is music to the eye.

The winds that whisper to the trees  
Bring naught of sound to me;  
But far above in purple haze  
The singing leaves I see.

And in the flowers that blossom near  
Or sparkle with the dew,  
I read a thousand color notes  
And know their music, too.

And yonder bird that fills the air  
With his triumphant note;—  
Do I not see the music in  
His trim and shapely throat?

And in the plumage that bedecks  
His back and brilliant wings?  
For tho bereft of sound I know  
When light or motion sings.

## THE GIFT THAT IS OURS.

There on the mound where the soldier lies  
Scatter a wealth of flowers;  
Meagre the gift for the debt we owe—  
Owe for the peace that is ours.

His was the gift of a patriot's life  
Laid on the alter of war;  
Ours is the gift of a grateful land—  
Land that he battled for.

Soon we'll have but the headstones white,  
To tell of that civil strife,  
When, in the throes of a fearful birth  
Was brought forth our national life.

Over the graves where our heroes sleep  
The North and the South join hands,  
Each with a thought of the other's loss,  
And each of us understands.

TO THE PAS-A-PAS CLUB.

*On the occasion of its Silver Jubilee*

As a traveler on a summit  
    Stops to rest along the way,  
And looks back to view the windings  
    Where his toilsome journey lay.

Or a Knight discards his armor  
    At the setting of the sun . . .  
And reviews his strength, and courage  
    By recounting laurels won,

Comes a pause in thy advancement  
    On this Silver Jubilee  
When the eye may now turn backward  
    And in clear perspective see

All the past that lies behind thee  
    With its varied memories  
And behold in panorama  
    All the hard won victories.

Five and twenty years of triumph  
Now have crowned thy chartered life—  
Years that conquered opposition;  
Left thee stronger after strife.

Firmly now thy name established  
After years of patient growth;  
Step by step progressing onward  
Gaining strength and numbers both.

Step by step, though slow but surely  
Was thy present glory gained;  
Step by step, by slowly climbing  
Were thy present heights attained.

In the motto thou hast chosen  
Lies the key to all success;  
Step by step, by persevering;  
Doth the world at large progress.

Rhymes From the School Room



## SCHOOL TIME.

Brush the dust from off your desk  
And sweep the cobwebs from your brain;  
Gather up your scattered books  
That long in hidden nooks have lain;  
Summer days are done,  
School days have begun,  
And the call to study comes again.

'Reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic,  
Were good enough in days before,  
But in modern times to them  
We have to add a hundred more:  
Science, chemistry,  
Logic, history,  
With a lot of ancient musty lore.

Greek and Latin, German, French,  
And lots of "oligies" to mix  
With philosophy and law,

Astronomy and politics,  
Minerology,  
Physiology,  
And a dozen more in "y" and "ics."

So, away your summer dreams  
And find your paper, pen and ink;  
Get together odds and ends  
And fix your "thinking cap" to think;  
Play days now are past,  
Fall has come at last,  
To the "fount of knowledge" go and drink.

## STILL MORE BEYOND.

*I. S. D. Class Poem, 1905*

Nothing in this life's completed,  
Something still remains undone;  
When the end may seem the nearest  
Often we have just begun.

Looking forward to life's promise  
As the seasons 'round us roll,  
Ever learning, ever striving,  
Still beyond us lies the goal.

Something still to be completed,  
Something further to be learned;  
In the future, something higher,  
Something better to be earned.  
Toil and work and endless striving  
To our efforts oft respond,  
And there's something left to strive for  
Something still there is beyond.

When one task is thru and ended  
There's another to begin;  
And the more that we accomplish  
Greater grow our burdens then.  
When one lesson has been mastered,  
There's another yet to do;  
When the book is closed and finished  
Points its ending further too.

Still there's always something higher,  
Something to be better done;  
Never quite contented with our work  
Until the prize is won.  
But we'll not become discouraged—  
'Tis the weaklings that despond—  
While we keep in mind our motto  
That there still is more beyond.

Hope is always left to cheer us  
When the clouds around us rise,  
And we know that there beyond them  
Lie the blue and sunny skies.  
And when death at last shall claim us  
And we break our earthly bond,  
There is comfort in the promise  
That there still is more beyond.

## DOES IT PAY?

Weary and sad and dejected  
I sat at tht close of the day,  
Tediumsly marking some papers  
Before I could hurry away.

Thoughts of the day's disappointments  
Came thronging to sadden me then;  
Thoughts of how utterly fruitless  
My efforts seemed then to have been.

Thoughts of the constant endeavor,  
The failure and end of it all,  
So that I couldn't help thinking  
There was nothing to drink but the gall.

And as I finished my papers  
And carefully laid them away,  
This was the query I pondered,  
"With this as the end does it pay?"

What does it pay to keep trying  
When so little of good we attain?  
What does it pay to keep striving  
When striving seems often so vain?

Yet on the morrow as ever  
I took us my burden again,  
Praying the Lord for the courage  
And leaving the rest with Him then.

Hoping that sometime in future  
The seeds I have planted in youth  
Will in the minds of these children  
Then grow into blossoms of truth.

## DEDICATION ODE.

*Read at Dedication of new Building at I. S. D. June, 1906*

In time's eternal onward sweep  
That lifts the veil from wrong,  
To souls long dead thru love's neglect  
Shone hope delayed so long.

The messengers of Love and Light,  
God's benediction brought  
And lo, thruout the wakening world  
A miracle was wrought.

As far adown the flight of years  
Christ's "ephphatha" was heard  
And men were turned to deeds of love  
By His inspiring word.

And tho Lucretius in his rhyme  
Declared the deaf to be  
Beyond the power of wisdom's art  
Or skill of men to free,

In minds unreached by sound, thru eyes  
The light of knowledge broke,  
And thoughts long hid for want of tongue  
Now thru the fingers spoke.

And they to whom the world denied  
In life an equal share,  
And doomed because of Nature's wrong  
The cross of scorn to bear

Were freed; and education took  
Away the blighting ban,  
Restored them to the realm of life  
And brotherhood of man.

Now to this cause we dedicate  
The walls that round us rise,  
A pledge of that humanity  
That in their purpose lies.

## WHICH VALENTINE?

Two little girls in school I know,  
And see them every day;  
I see them as they work in school  
And see them at their play.

“Old Cross-patch” one of them is called,  
(I think you can guess why).  
The other, “Sunshine,” (and you know  
Her just as well as I).

When Cross-patch comes to school each day,  
She wears a dreadful frown;  
Seems like a cloud has settled there,  
Whenever she sits down.

But Sunshine, she comes laughing in,  
And fills the room with glee;  
Seems like the world is changed to gold  
Whenever her I see.

And Cross-patch will not let you touch  
Her doll or things at play;  
She's selfish and she makes a fuss  
Unless things are her way.

But Sunshine smiles and says,  
"Oh, come and play here too;  
It's lot more fun when I can share  
My things with some of you."

And so each day I stand and watch  
These two young friends of mine;  
Now which one do you think I'd choose  
To be my valentine?

## NOT FOR SELF BUT OTHERS.

*I. S. D. Class Poem 1907*

Now we leave our school behind us,  
Now the parting of the ways;  
Closed the books so long beside us,  
Torn away the props and stays.

Wide the world, but God has given us  
Each his own particular sphere,—  
We have work that he assigned us  
Even tho we can not hear.

Life is always what we make it,  
Full of joy or full of tears,  
And to measure its completeness  
Count the deeds and not the years.

Let us then go forth with courage  
Seeking what our hands may do,  
Loyal to the school that made us,  
Faithful, firm and ever true.

Let us strive to make time useful  
As we journey on thru life,  
Let us seek the good and noble,  
Turn away from petty strife;

Let us find our greatest pleasure  
In the deeds of faith and love,  
Living not for self but others,  
Trusting in the Lord above.

## THE SCHOOL GIRL'S COMPLAINT.

I don't see why that I should have  
To study, work and go to school,  
When grown-ups do just as they please  
And never have to mind the rule.

The morning brings some task to do  
And then it's hurry to prepare  
For school, and oh! the troubles and  
The tasks I know await me there!

The teacher, she puts on the board  
The hardest things for us to do,  
And then she sits and watches us  
The while we toil and struggle thru

And when we get the answer wrong,  
She frowns and scolds us awful hard  
And wonders why we are so slow,  
Then marks us low upon our card.

I guess she has forgotten when  
She was a girl and went to school,  
Or she would understand and be  
Less cross when we forgot the rule.

I'll be so glad when I grow up;  
Then I'll be free to go and do  
Just as I please—and maybe then  
I'll try and be a teacher too.

## THE PATH OF DUTY.

When Mary the best of my pupils  
Went wrong and coumpelled me to blame  
Where always I'd loved, how I hated  
To scold her and put her to shame.

All day she'd been cross and unruly  
Till when it was too much to bear,  
I called her right up to my table  
And made her stand up on a chair.

I kept her in school in the evening  
And told her how naughty she'd been;  
She sobbed while she said she was sorry  
And never would do it again.

How little we reckon of sorrow  
In hearts of the tender in years!  
How little we know 'till we see it  
O'erflowing in torrents of tears !

How often the heart of the teacher  
Is longing affection to show,  
When duty as often compels her  
To sternly a chiding bestow.

## SCHOOL ROOM PROBLEMS.

I often wonder why, one day, a child with  
ease will learn,  
And on the very next, the simplest thing can  
not discern.  
And why one day the self-same child will be  
so awful nice  
And on the next will vex my soul with  
every mean device.

And why when I have spent an hour to  
patiently explain  
The "how" and "why" of this and that and  
made it very plain,  
Then ask the pupils to produce a brief of  
what they've seen,  
A boy gets up and says to me, "What does  
this subject mean?"  
And when I show them where to put the  
nouns and place adverbs,

And tell them that the adjectives can't  
modify the verbs,  
And then they go and mix them up without a  
thought or care,  
I feel like I will have to drop and give up in  
despair.

## AIM HIGH.

*I. S. D. Class Motto, 1908*

Starting out upon life's highway,  
Leaving school and help behind,  
Whither will its windings lead us?  
What of blessings shall we find?

Will it give us ought of triumph?  
Will it lead to wealth or fame?  
All depends upon our effort  
And the heights for which we aim.

We may never reach the summit  
Of the mountain's rugged peak;  
We may never quite accomplish  
All the purpose that we seek;

But unless our eyes be lifted  
As we struggle toward the skies  
And our aim be high above us  
Can we ever hope to rise?

May our lives be free from doing  
Anything to bring us shame;  
Let us work and do our duty  
That there nought will be to blame.

Ours the aim to reach the highest,  
Ne'er content save with the best,  
Strive that when our work is over  
It will stand the Master's test.

## ANAXAGORAS.

Wise Anaxagoras (and ever may his tribe  
increase)

Once kept a school at Athens for the boys  
of ancient Greece.

And how to keep them dutiful, he knew  
the wisest way,

For when they'd all been good, he'd give  
then, a holiday.

His lectures on philosophy, as fairy tales  
disguised,

And talks on deep astronomy, they heard  
with open eyes;

But they were always ready when he'd stop  
and, smiling say,

“Come, boys, now put your books aside and  
take a holiday.”

For good old Anaxagoras, he well remembered when,  
Back in the days of long ago, like them, a boy he'd been.  
So, when their tasks were heavy and their eyes would turn away,  
He'd smile a knowing smile and give the boys a holiday.

Like others, Anaxagoras at last grew old and died,  
And friends came at the end to see, and gathered at his side.  
They asked what honors at his funeral he'd have them pay;  
Said Anaxagoras, "Just give the boys a holiday."













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